

THE ROAD TO THE WOOLSACK.

It is now my pleasing duty to conclude this series of contributions to the leading forensic journal. I promised to teach the student how to attain the dignity of the Lord High Chancellorship in a single lesson.

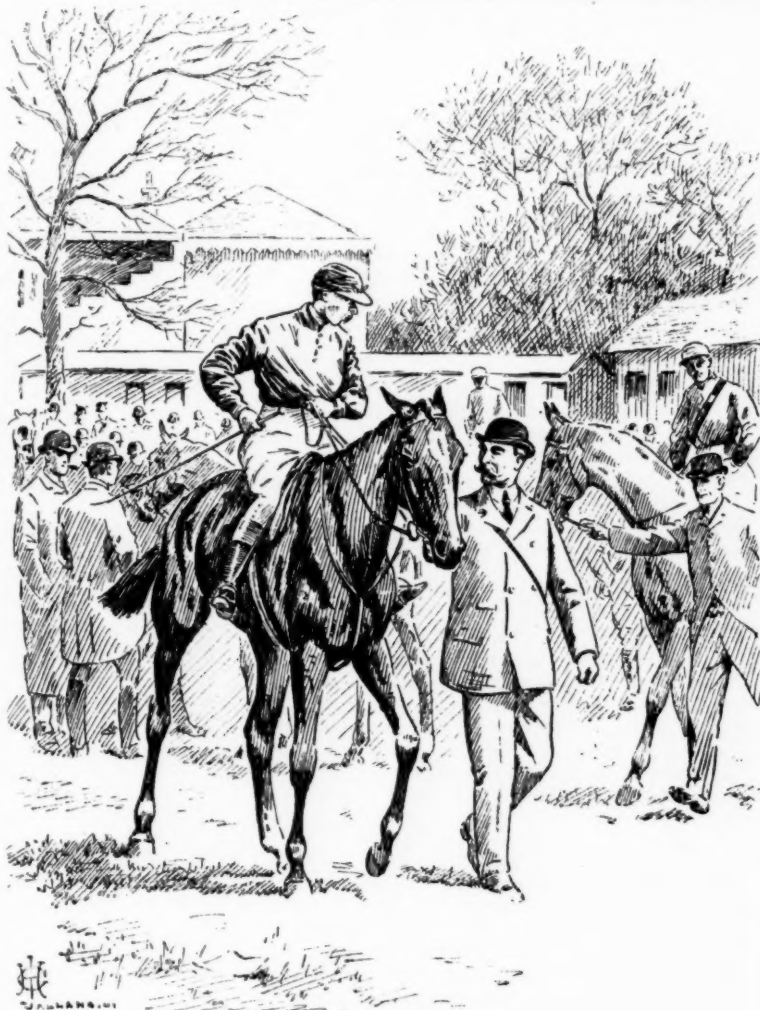
Of course it would be better if he commenced his career as the younger son of a Duke. But this is not absolutely essential to success. As a member of the Bar it may be taken for granted that he is a gentleman, or at least the heir to a millionaire. It is advisable that (after being well grounded in some excellent dame's school) he should enter one of the public schools of Royal foundation, preferably Eton or Winchester. If the younger son of a Duke, he may extend the list to Harrow, Westminster, Shrewsbury, Rugby, Marlborough, Cheltenham, Radley, St. Paul's and Felsted.

He should go either to Christchurch or Balliol, Oxford, or Trinity, Cambridge. If the younger son of a Duke, he might venture a term or two at Durham or Dublin. But this little excursion must not stand in his way so as to preclude a double-first or a Senior Wranglership.

When he leaves the University (if he is a graduate of the colleges to which I have referred, he will never call his *alma mater* "the Varsity") he may possibly find my poor suggestions serviceable in his selection of his Inn of Court and other matters connected therewith.

He will certainly join the Inns of Court Volunteers. When on outpost duty he will be careful not to betray the countersign to even the dearest and nearest of his colleagues, but will, if necessary, arrest him, and this, with further attention to his military duties, will secure for him the proud position of commanding officer. If he is the younger son of a Duke he can rest satisfied with the rank of a corporal.

It would be as well that my candidate for the Woolsack should take up literature and journalism. He should certainly edit two or three newspapers—a London daily must be one of them—and be a contributor on the reviewing list of some organ with a purpose. He should write or revise some ponderous volume on technical law. If he can make some subject absolutely his own so much the better. I deeply regret, personally, that I have never been able to secure a copyright in "*Briefless on Bankruptcy*." If the younger son of a Duke he can produce a play or two—his father or eldest brother can secure the theatre—and knock off a society novel. Of course, if he has ample hereditary means he must enter Parliament and, later on, the Cabinet. If the younger



A NICE PROSPECT.

Owner (to amateur, riding his first race). "Now, look here, old chap. This mare ALWAYS BOLTS WHEN THE FLAG FALLS. BUT IF YOU CAN ONLY MANAGE TO KEEP HER ON THE COURSE, AND MAKE HER RISE AT THE JUMPS, YOU'LL ABOUT WIN!"

son of a Duke he may remain only an un-portfolioed Minister. But whatever he is, he must be a first-class debater. He will leave Parliament, after filling the posts of Solicitor-General and "Mr. Attorney," to take a high position on the Bench.

And now he comes to the most important part of his career. He must not lose touch of the great public. He must write constantly to the leading daily papers, preside over charity banquets and be in the stalls on every important "first night."

He must now, with the assistance of a daily paper of his own, form an important political party, and, in spite of his position on the Bench, shape the future of the British Empire.

Then, at the right moment, when Cabinets are tottering, he will give up the Lord Chief Justiceship to become Lord Chancellor. *Q.E.D.*

Another and simpler road is to omit the above and supply the deficiency by marrying the daughter of an influential solicitor.

And now, having come to the end of the valuable space accorded me, I conclude my hints with the promise that in the near future I may venture to supply notes on current cases of a forensic character. I shall do this to assist the student who knows too little rather than to aid the barrister who knows too much.

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump Handle Court.

O WHAT A STORY!

(At Wyndham's Theatre "So the Story Ends.")

"QUITE a one-actor play, yet not too full o' me,"
Might say CHARLES WYNDHAM as *Sir Edward Välliämý*.
Dactyllic name, whereat rude youths might cry out
"Ere's the Right Hon'ble Neddy with his 'i'
out."

But *Välliämý's* sharp enough to make excuse
That for an extra "i" he has no use.
Two are enough for him, he's young at fifty,
Has made a fortune, somehow, being thrifty;
He lives, *en garçon*, and good Mrs. Clemson,
Carrying tablets which she makes her "*mems.*" on,
Acts as his housekeeper; Miss MEASOR plays her
So well, 'tis difficult to overpraise her.
His friend and neighbour is the *Earl of Farnham*
(A name pronounced as if it rhymed with BARNUM),
A country gentleman, an English type,
Who of good wine has cellar'd many a pipe.
As Mister ALFRED BISHOP plays the part,
His geniality wins every heart.
Sir Edward—is he bachelor or widower?
No. There's a wife. But how did he get rid o'
her?

He didn't. She's alive. Across the water
There's also (unbeknown to him) a daughter,
Who calls herself "*Miss Murray*," and this looks
As if she published,—oh, no—*she writes*, books.
She knows a lot, but, though so wise, is rather
Puzzled to know who was, and is, her father.
She, talking to *Sir Edward*, from her pocket
Produces a peculiar sort of locket
(You know what's coming now; the old, old, thing),
"Hall-strawberry-mark'd," a "locket"—and "a ring,"
Which, when *Sir Edward*, in great agitation,
Beholds, he grasps at once the situation,
Also the locket, and to *Lady Bab*
(Miss MARY MOORE) he hoarsely murmurs, "Cab!—
Brougham—coach—anything—I'm off to Paris
At once, to find out where *Miss Murray's* 'Mar' is!
Don't ask me why, it is in her behoof
And that of all concerned. I must have proof!"
Then gentle *Lady Barbara O'Hagan*
(To worship MARY MOORE one would turn pagan!)
Bids him "*adieu*" *pro tem*. Ends second act.
[The acting carries it, and that's the fact.]
Paris, Act III. Where, in police-bureau,
French as she's spoke the *Prefét's* men all know
And speak like natives, in the liveliest tones,
As in the latest play by ARTHUR JONES
Do his chief actors. Now then, who comes here?
Sir Edward first; then Mistress BERNARD BEERE,
As *Madame Sumont*, elegantly dressed,
Looking and acting at her very best,
Makes it as clear as day (this scene is good)
That *Eleanor*, *Miss Murray*, has the blood
Of our *Sir Edward* in her dainty veins,
Which, to explain, she, *Madame*, takes great pains,
So as to give him every facility
For calculating on the probability
Of her connected tale. (And yet the hearer
Would like the matter made a trifle clearer,
For, if she owns to having "done her worst,"
Mayn't she have been a wrong 'un from the first?)
Credat Sir Edward. He goes home again,
And *Madame* drowns her sorrows in the Seine.
Between Acts III. and IV. "one year elapses,"
And then, as every intellectual chap sees

Must be the case,—did I not 't would be dull o' me—
My *Lady Bab* becomes my *Lady Välliämý*.

The author should be grateful for the cast.
As for the dialogue, from first to last
There's not a witty, scarce a humorous, line;
The players give it point: the acting's fine.
But for that scene in *Mrs. Dane's Defence*
This piece could never . . . h'm!—that was immense!
So ends my story of the play. Let's mingle
And drink success all round. Yours,

"ALFRED JINGLE."

ANTICIPATIONS.

(With suitable apologies to Mr. H. G. Wells.)

AN esteemed London daily paper has explained that it was necessary to continue the Association football match at Govan after the accident which cost twenty people their lives because "it would probably not have been safe to disappoint the crowd!" This extreme sensitiveness on the part of our athletic crowds to anything which interrupts their amusement may be expected to increase rather than diminish with time. Thus, in the year 1950 or so, the following paragraphs will probably figure in the sporting columns of our contemporary:—

At St. Andrews, in the monthly golf contest, Mr. McTAVISH unaccountably fozzled his drive on three successive occasions. A spectator was so disgusted at this exhibition of incompetence that he broke four of McTAVISH's ribs.

The County cricket match between Dorsetshire and Rutland at Oakham, yesterday, was the occasion of some grand scoring. An unusual incident occurred in the course of the afternoon. The Rutland captain was giving a fine display of batting, and as his side had secured a long lead he was considering the propriety of declaring his innings closed. It was, however, pointed out to him that it would be unsafe to disappoint the crowd which was evidently enjoying his hard hitting. He is, therefore, batting still.

In the lawn tennis tournament at Wimbledon on Tuesday, the amateur champion twisted his ankle early in the game and had to retire hurt. The public were thus cheated of what would have been an exciting struggle, and relieved their exasperation by hooting him as he limped to the pavilion.

In the great billiard match at the Olympian Hall yesterday a curious affair is reported. It was an all-in game, and one of the players had made thirty successive spot strokes. The spectators naturally grew weary of this tiresome method of play, and one of them struck the player violently behind as he was making his thirty-first stroke. This effectually prevented the continuance of such tedious tactics.

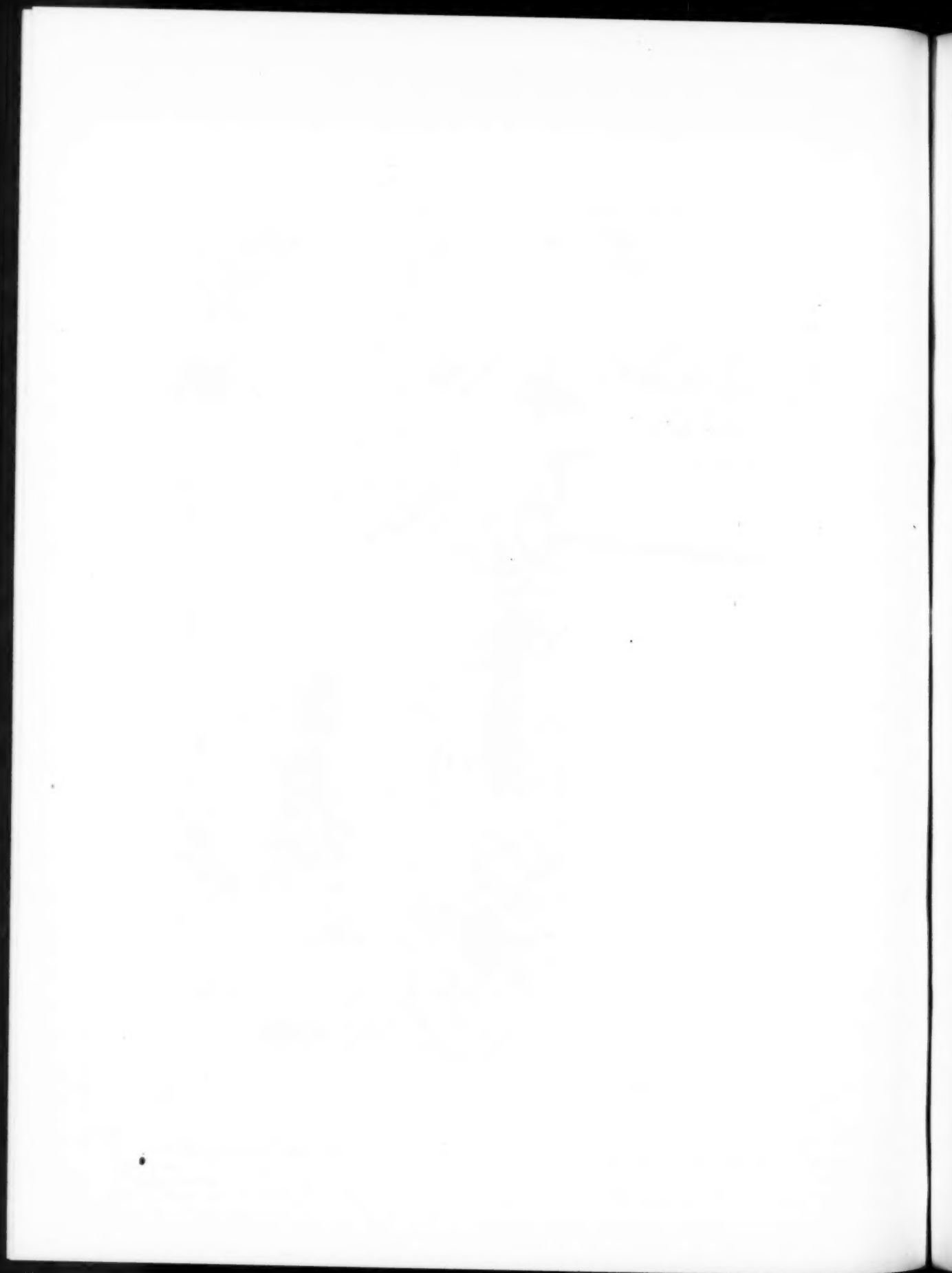
Great precautions are to be taken to secure the safety of the crews at this year's boat race. Last year, it may be remembered, the losing crew, who came in thirty lengths behind, were seized by the indignant crowd as they left their boat, and narrowly escaped drowning. This year the banks of the river at the winning-post will be guarded by cavalry, and a Maxim gun will be mounted at the "Ship" at Mortlake. It is hoped that the contest will be conducted without serious loss of life.

The final for the ping-pong championship at the Queen's Hall concluded yesterday amid scenes of great excitement. SMITH and BROWN, the unsuccessful pair, showed up very badly towards the end of the contest, and altogether gave such a poor display of the game that after it was over they had to be escorted from the building under police protection.



Bernard Partridge.

PEACE. "I WONDER IF THERE WILL BE A PLACE FOR ME AT THE CORONATION?"



CATCHWORDS FOR THE MILLION.

I.—"THE PEOPLE'S BREAD."

[In the following lines an attempt is made to reproduce the unreasoning but unshakable attitude of the rustic maid in WORDSWORTH'S *We are Seven*.]

A SIMPLE uninstructed clown
That hawks our daily tracts,
Content to pouch the casual brown—
What should he know of facts?

One such I saw, and stepped aside;
"What is your news?" I said;
"Speshul! The Budgit!" he replied:
"TAXIN' THE PEOPLE'S BREAD!"

"But you prejudge events," said I;
"The staff of life may prove
Visibly unembarrassed by
Sir MICHAEL'S latest move."

I found his manner somewhat bluff;
"Ere, tike the bill," he said;
"Read it yerself, it's pline enough—
'TAXIN' THE PEOPLE'S BREAD!'"

"You err, my friend; you have, in short,
No ground for righteous heat;
It is our duty to support
The cult of British wheat.

"And if our neighbours pay the score,
What cause to carp?" I said;
He simply answered as before,
"TAXIN' THE PEOPLE'S BREAD!"

Then I resumed: "But, were it so,—
Granted your point, what then?
Would you ignore, I want to know,
The common claims of men?"

"This war affects us, one and all,
By honour gained or lost;
Would you deny to great or small
A right to share the cost?"

"And, save you touch their staple food,
How reach the mass?" I said;
But he replied (I feared he would),
"TAXIN' THE PEOPLE'S BREAD!"

"Or, take what pays a fair return—
Our Navy; you will note
It should be every man's concern
To keep the thing afloat.

"Insured in this, we hold," said I,
"The seas as in a vice;
And, were it sunk, we scarce could buy
A loaf at any price!"

"How well the proverb, rightly read,
Answers our local case,
Where we are told to cast our bread
Upon the waters' face!"

"But men are blind, and by their kind
Into the ditch misled!"—

'Twas wisdom thrown away, for still
He muttered, "Read the bloomin' bill,
'TAXIN' THE PEOPLE'S BREAD!'" O.S.



First Workman. "WHY DON'T YER BUY YER OWN MATCHES, 'STEAD OF ALWAYS CADGIN' MINE?"

Second Workman. "YOU'RE UNCOMMON MEAN WITH YER MATCHES. I'LL JUST TAKE A FEW"—(helps himself to two-thirds)—"AND BE HINDERPENDENT OF YER!"

POSSIBLE DISEASES OF THE FUTURE.

PROBABLY a time is not far distant when fashionable crazes will be regarded as diseases pure and simple; when measures for their eradication will be undertaken as a matter of course by the various medical authorities. It will then be no unusual thing to read in the papers such items as the following:—

An epidemic of Ping-Pong has again laid hold upon London, and cases are continually being reported to the authorities. The recently discovered inocula-

tion against the disease is being more and more resorted to. The method, it may not be generally known, takes the form of keeping the patient upon the floor for hours together searching for celluloid balls. It is essential that, however much he may wish to rise, he be kept down; when he has succeeded after laborious effort in extracting a ball from under the piano, another ball should be inserted at the back of some large cabinet or beneath some heavy curtains. Should the above treatment be continued it will be found that a

nausea against Ping-pong in any form will begin to manifest itself in the patient, and in the course of a day or two he will be able to enter any drawing-room, however much it may reek with the disease, without becoming in the least degree infected.

An outbreak of Picture Postcard is seriously threatening the health of Southampton. The disease is at present rampant in Germany, and it is suggested that the contagion has been brought over in one of the many great Teuton liners calling at that port.

Later:—The ss. *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grossvaterliche*, of the Hamburg line, arrived in the Solent to-day and was observed flying the yellow flag. The Port Sanitary authorities at once went alongside, when it was discovered that several virulent cases of Picture Postcard were on board, the subjects crying loudly for these pasteboards in order to send them to their relatives. The vessel was immediately put into quarantine, and will so be kept for several days. In the meantime it will be thoroughly disinfected.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ANOTHER illusion gone! "I never knew a young gazelle but when I came to love it well it went and married a market gardener." My Baronite never knew a gazelle, young or old, remotely or intimately. The quotation is dragged in merely to assist in recording the fact that he has from youth cherished the idea that of all delectable territories the nearest approach to the Garden of Eden left to fallen man is Florida. Reading his *Blackwood* for the current month he finds an article in which the truth is told, and the Florida of fancy vanishes. "Failures in Florida" is the title of this narrative of the experiences of a settler. A keen sense of humour doubtless leads to some exaggeration. But underneath the story of everyday life is revealed the fact that Florida is a fraud. Apart from its information the article is worth studying for its literary charm. Not to spoil the pleasure of the full reading, only one passage shall be quoted. "The Florida frosts are tremendously severe. I have found a cup of tea poured out overnight frozen solid beside me in the morning." What this means in a country whose principal business it is to grow oranges, leaps to the eye. The number is full of good things. But this anonymous article, evidently written by a fresh hand, testifies to the singular and long-lived quality of *Maga* to attract new blood of precious quality to her venerable self.

In the graces of genial irony, writes my Nautical Retainer, Mr. G. S. STREET has scarcely a single living competitor; and his latest collection, *A Book of Stories* (CONSTABLE), admirably illustrates those gifts for which his delightful *Autobiography of a Boy* first won him notice. His style is fluent without effort, distinguished without affectation or pedantry. If his humour does not often compel to Olympian laughter, it is, on the other hand, never studied nor over-exquisite, nor strained for effect. He writes in the manner of a ready and accomplished talker. The range of his world is not a wide one, though he contrives cleverly to vary his types. But in his present book he seems to show a broader and more generous outlook on life than was found in an earlier volume—*Episodes*—which dealt almost exclusively with the seamier side of things. Within such limits as he still acknowledges, Mr. STREET's wit is like a rare wine that asks a nice and discerning palate. His vintages, unsuited to universal consumption, are small, but the cycle in which they recur is a cycle of Tokay. He is best in some of his shorter sketches, but where anything like a plot is required his work tends to become perfunctory; his ideas grow commonplace or else palpably impossible. He easily gets

tired, too, and goes in morbid fear, always unjustified, of boring his readers by prolixity. Either for this reason, or to save himself trouble, he likes better to portray his characters by cursive description and analysis than to let us form our judgment of them by their speech. Yet his dialogue, where it too seldom occurs, is almost always excellent in its nearness to nature. When his theme threatens to grow serious he is apt to shirk it, being a little self-conscious in the matter of sentiment, and fearful, like the typical Englishman he is, of inviting ridicule by emotional exposure. Accordingly, he sometimes keeps up a brave show of levity in defiance of the situation's demands. These however, are rather matters of temperament which do not affect the constant and abiding charm of his style.

MISS FRANCES POYNTER, though not a new novelist, is a fresh acquaintance of my Baronite's. If her earlier works are as good as *Michael Ferrier* (MACMILLAN), they are worth looking up. *Michael* himself, although a poet, is not peculiarly attractive, and there is something a little thin about the quality of *Miss Umfraville*. Having thus genially disposed of the hero and heroine, my Baronite has unqualified praise for *Miss Beaven*, one of those quiet, unselfish, untiring agencies who in difficult circumstances make homes happy. It is a skilful touch of unpremeditated art whereby Miss POYNTER, through this estimable but somewhat stolid medium, introduces *Colonel Umfraville*. He does not at any stage of the story bodily appear on the scene. He reveals himself in letters addressed to his daughter's companion and guide, a delightful flash of froth on the cup of other people's life. Another clever character-sketch is *Mr. Mills*, the prosaic, pragmatic M.P.

In *The Hound of the Baskervilles* (GEORGE NEWNES) Mr. CONAN DOYLE revives in modern fashion the touch of a vanished hand, the scratching of a pen that has long been still. Consciously or unconsciously, probably the latter, he produces for us effects analogous to those achieved by Mrs. RADCLIFFE. He wields the spell of her weird imagination, and, with the assistance of a modern detective, everything is in due time unravelled and the supernatural becomes the commonplace. As in the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, in *The Hound of the Baskervilles* the candle goes out at the critical moment. Trust *Sherlock Holmes* for carrying about with him a supply of matches that will strike on the box or anywhere else. The highest compliment my Baronite can pay the romancer is to admit that the chapter of explanation is the most disappointing in the book. The trail is so cleverly laid, incident so generously supplied, and the thing kept going at such breathless pace, that when the enchanted reader is, as necessarily he must be, dumped down on the common asphalted unsympathetic earth, a feeling of dissatisfaction steals o'er the mind. With my Baronite it takes the definite form of strongly objecting to the phosphorus. It is a cheap device unworthy the art of the creator of *Sherlock Holmes*. But that is a detail. The story is a masterpiece of ingenuity, its narration a model of graphic power.

Should any of the Baron's gentlemen-readers be anxious as to the up-to-date state of their acquaintance with the French language, let them borrow, emphatically borrow, *La Vedette*, a roman written by YVETTE GUILBERT, recently published; and let them also purchase (this they need not borrow) some quite modern *Dictionnaire d'Argot*, and even then the Baron doubts if all the phrases and expressions so graphically used by the free-and-easy authoress (and songstress) will be found therein. That the book so loaned will be punctually returned, long before the guileless English reader shall have got half-way through it, is (unless the owner informs you that he has "no further use for it") a "cert" on which a hundred to one will be laid by the prescient and sporting

BARON DE B.-W.

ACTORS AT BOW STREET.

II.

MRS. LANGTRY and the whole company recently performing in *Mlle. Mars* at the Imperial Theatre, were prosecuted by the Society for the Protection of Immigrants for cruelty to the French language.

Mr. A. B. WALKLEY, dramatic critic of the *Times*, speaking as usual in broken English, said that the pronunciation of the performers at the Théâtre Impérial was more *assommant* than anything at which he had ever assisted.

Mr. H. G. WELLS said that he was familiar with *Mars*. There was no reason why good French should be expected from anyone connected with it, whether *Mademoiselle* or *Madame*. His own experience of Martian dialogue was a prolonged ululation.

M. PAUL CAMBON, French ambassador at the Court of St. James's, stated that he had attended a performance of *Mlle. Mars*. He was not aware that any French was spoken in the play.

Mrs. LANGTRY, in her defence, reminded the Bench that she was a native of Jersey, where they spoke a *patois*. She had, however, spared no expense in providing every member of her company with a copy of *Hugo's French Journal* and *Ollendorff's Dialogues*.

On Mrs. LANGTRY undertaking to desist from these courses, and to revive the company's native powers of attraction at Mr. GRUNDY's Degenerating Station, the case was withdrawn.

HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE was summoned by ULYSSES, a Greek islander, who claimed substantial damages for the injury to his reputation caused by the defendant's impersonation of him at Her Majesty's Theatre.

Herr EUGEN SANDOW, K.C., (lately chucker-out at Dumb-bell's bank), who appeared for the plaintiff, said that his client's name had become a household word for feats of strength and endurance. Judge then of his horror when, happening to look in at the Olympic pantomime at Her Majesty's, he found himself personated by a gentleman whose biceps was lamentably deficient and whose calf measurement could not exceed ten inches. He objected also to Mr. TREE's habit of placing his hand on his hip. ULYSSES never did things like that. Nor did he speak his winged words in that tone of voice. He claimed one thousand talents damages.

Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER, a brawny Scot of military bearing, said that he had tested the genuine bow of ULYSSES in the grounds of the Toxophilite Society. The bow used at Her Majesty's was a flexible imitation and might have been pulled by PENELOPE.

FRIEDRICH BOGENBRUSTER, a German



"A WOMAN IS THE AGE SHE LOOKS."

Visitor (kindly). "How old are you, dear?"

Little Girl (with great dignity). "I'M NOT OLD AT ALL. GRANNY'S OLD, BUT MOTHER'S YOUNG AND DADDY'S YOUNG, AND I'M VERY YOUNG!"

waiter giving an address in Greek Street, and holding a certificate for veracity from Lord ROSEBURY, deposed that ULYSSES frequently dined at the restaurant where he was employed, and thought nothing of a hecatomb of kid. Cross-examined by Mr. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, K.C., he denied that by this phrase he imputed cannibalism to the plaintiff.

Mr. BIRRELL, in replying for the defendant, produced a menu of the last dinner of the Homer Khayyam Club, a gathering of devout Musclemen, at which Mr. TREE took the chair. His client not only partook of every dish, but made a long speech afterwards. Appearances were deceptive, and Mr.

TREE, though of willowy figure, was really a man of herculean strength. The weight and heat of the pillows required by him to fill the part of *Falstaff* were beyond the dreams of adiposity. He had also endured severe frosts with apparent equanimity. As for the plaintiff's scandalous depreciation of his client's physique, he had only to say that Baron LIEBIG had recently bestowed on him the Order of the Fatted Calf.

Judgment was given for the plaintiff, and Mr. TREE was ordered to take wrestling lessons with Professor CARKEEK, late of the Alhambra, the vanquisher of the Terrible Greek and the Vanishing Turk.

A ROMAN HOLIDAY.

IN THE HOTEL.

ROME is supposed to be inhabited by Romans. Desiring to do at Rome as the Romans do, I endeavour to discover Romans by whom example may be taken. Complete failure. Putting aside guides, who are cosmopolitan humbugs, and cabmen, who might be of any nationality, and artists' models, who are obviously got up for show, there is, so far as I can discover, no Roman in Rome. Two invading hordes, one German, the other American, have descended upon Rome and taken possession of it. Such natives as have not been slain are kept in rigorous confinement and are only allowed out for air in the dead of night. You can hear their chains clanking in the Corso, the Condotti and the Via Nazionale. In the daytime gutturals and nasals mingle mellifluously in every gallery, church, ruin and hotel throughout the eternal city. This, no doubt, a consequence of PRINCE HENRY'S visit to United States. Populations of Germany and America, having agreed to meet rather more and less than half way, have pitched upon Rome. In the hall of our hotel I see one stray Englishman, with his wife, amidst a seething crowd from the Fatherland and the Home of the Free. He is irreproachably dressed, clean, well set up and carefully groomed—a little oasis amidst the fat, untidy Teutons and the thin, anxious Americans domineered over by their daughters. American girls in Rome are cut exactly to one pattern—not a shade of variety in fifty of them. Not Dana Gibson girls at all. Hair puffed out over the forehead like the peak of a képi; short, determined features with mouths that snap tight; shirt blouses; dresses knocked out with a chisel—there you have them. They read extracts from *Baedeker* to Pa at lunch. Pa shows only a moderate interest: "Guess we've seen them things, SADIE," he remarks, "we don't want to read about 'em."

IN NAPLES.

Dirt, confusion, yells; officious, extortionate cab-drivers lashing undersized horses up steep hills; beggars; vendors of coloured post-cards; herds of goats everywhere; carts drawn by curiously assorted teams, many by an ox, a mule and a pony harnessed three abreast; nurses in gorgeous raiment, their heads decorated with huge ribbons streaming down to the ground, enormous brass combs with shining knobs in their back hair—such is one's first (and last) impression of life in Naples. "See Naples and die" is all very well as a proverb; but your death, if it takes place, will probably be the result, not of æsthetic joy, but of incessant clamour, never-ending trouble with cabmen, and the sight of poor suffering animals urged to tasks beyond their strength by brutal Neapolitans.

FROM NAPLES TO ANYWHERE.

Here is a concise guide to railway travelling in Italy. In order to secure places arrive at station at least two hours before advertised time of starting. The train then starts an hour late. On the way the axle of your carriage catches fire and you are shifted, bag and baggage, to a compartment already full. This generally happens again. The train then arrives at its destination two hours and a-half late, officials and passengers all congratulating one another on having arrived at all. You spend another hour or so in securing your luggage, and eventually get to your hotel, having spent about twelve hours over a journey which should have taken six at the outside.

AT VENICE.

Delightful silence and repose. No cabs, no cab-drivers, no suffering horses. Everything gay, cheerful and light-hearted. You may die in Naples, but Venice is the place to live in. In St. Mark's, while we are drinking in the

gorgeousness of the mosaics, a queer old figure, garbed sacerdotally, and rattling a money-box, approaches and enters into conversation. "I am *molto vecchio*," he says, "*molto vecchio*. I have eighty-six years; but, ha, ha! I am cheerful yet. That is your wife? Yes—and there are *bambini* at home? Oh! two, are there? Well done, well done! Here is a blessed medal of St. Mark for one of the *bambini*. Oh, thank you, Signor, thank you—the two *lire* will go to the poor, and now I go to pray for you and the Signora and the two *bambini*—ha, ha! They say I am like the Pope" (he strokes his wrinkled, merry old face), "but I am a boy to him. He has eight years more than I. Good-bye, Signor, I go to pray." Then we go out again to the pigeons and the glory of the Piazza.

THE OXFORD INNOCENTS.

[" As the college authorities live secluded from the world, and so are like children as to commercial matters"—*Mr. Rhodes's Will.*]

PLACE—*Oriel Common Room.* TIME—*After Hall.*

First Fellow. *Antehac nefas depromere Cæcubum*, but I think we can venture on half-a-dozen now. We can afford it.

Second Fellow. Yes. It is a great sum of money. We must lay it out to advantage. *Moderato*, however, *splendens usu*.

Third Fellow. Will the business-men pay it to us all at once?

First Fellow (doubtfully). I should think they will invest it first, but one never knows. Luckily it is their affair. *Beatus ille qui procul.* . . .

Third Fellow. What is investing?

First Fellow (with humour). The principle of interest. You hand over your money and they give you an income.

Third Fellow. Who are they?

First Fellow (vaguely). The stocks and shares. I believe they are called *Consuls*, which is an odd classical survival, by the way.

Second Fellow (with approval). A good name. How much income will they give us, do you think?

First Fellow. I don't know exactly how interest stands now. After the time of SULLA legal interest was fixed at *centesima pars* per month, which would be twelve per cent. per year. I suppose we ought to get about that.

Third Fellow (disappointed). Then we shan't get a hundred thousand a year?

First Fellow. Hardly that, I'm afraid. But give me a piece of paper and a pencil, and I'll work it out.

[*Does large sums.*
ἔξοχον σοφισμάτων!]
Second Fellow (ejaculates admiringly). Καὶ μὴν ἀπὸ τῶν

Fourth Fellow. Wait a minute. Are you doing it in simple or compound interest?

First Fellow. Simple. I don't understand compound. I'm no hungry Greekling.

Fourth Fellow. I believe in large sums like that it ought to be compound. But never mind; if you don't understand it, no one else does. After all, this is not Cambridge.

Second Fellow. Anyhow, the business-men will look to that. But it is interesting to know more or less how much we may expect. Have you finished that sum?

First Fellow. Yes. A hundred thousand pounds at twelve per cent. simple interest will bring us twelve thousand a year; if it ought to be compound interest I suppose it will be more, but I am not clear on that point.

Second Fellow. Εἰς πάλιν. I am sure no Cambridge man could have got a more satisfactory result. *In nostris nummis versabimur*, as CICERO says. We shall be able to live within our income.

Third Fellow. I thought it would have been a hundred thousand.

Fourth Fellow (after reflection). Anyhow, it will be ample to enable us continue dapes, to maintain the dignity and comfort of the high table.

[Exeunt omnes, exulting in good Latin.]

FAMILIARITY.

["Sir HARRY JOHNSTON's long sojourn in the very heart of the Dark Continent has brought him to regard the area of his administration very much as a Borough Mayor would look upon Brixton or Camberwell. He has, in fact, found Equatorial Africa astonishingly humdrum; even a cannibal has no imaginative possibilities for the intrepid explorer."—*Evening Standard.*]

Time was I loved, in search of sport,

To paddle down some unknown river,
And when I heard the hippo snort

I felt a wild ecstatic quiver.

Now, wheresoe'er I wend my way,

I find Cook's tourists there before me,

While as for hippos, frankly, they

Just bore me.

Time was the very vaguest thought

Of cannibals a wild delight meant;

To see them at their orgies brought

A mad, delirious excitement.

Now, if I meet them, they begin

On coronations or the weather,

Or ask me, "Shall we have a gin

Together?"

Time was the tiger's angry roar,

Heard through the midnight jungle,
thrilled me;

I sallied forth, intent on gore,—

The spirit of adventure filled me.

Now, if I come across his lair,

I thrill no longer—such is habit;

I simply shoot him like a hare

Or rabbit.

Time was the monarch of the beasts

Roved through the woods to prey and

ravage,

And make his sanguinary feasts

Upon the unprotected savage.

Now savages drink dry champagne,

From lions they no longer suffer,

Save when they meet to entertain

Some duffer.

THE TRADE CRAZE.

["The latest recruit to the army of gentlemen shopkeepers is a Lieut.-Colonel, D.S.O., who is opening a hairdresser's shop. The enterprising warrior's new venture is due to his discovery, during a recent visit to Canada, of an American-Indian recipe for curing incipient baldness, about which wonderful stories are related."—*Daily Paper.*]

THE following rumours, with others, have also reached us. We understand that they are sent, not as a guarantee of good faith, but for publication.

A well-known and popular K.C. will shortly enter the crowded ranks of trade. The legal luminary has just returned from a trip to the East, where he successfully defended a particularly gory potentate who was accused of



WHEN IN DOUBT—DON'T!

SCENE—Country Station.

Gent. "ARE THE SANDWICHES FRESH, MY BOY?"

Country Youth. "DON'T KNOW, I'M SURE, SIR. I'VE ONLY BEEN HERE A FORTNIGHT!"

breaking an old custom by killing seven wives instead of five (the number allowable), when the cook, in a moment of abstraction, used knife polish instead of baking powder. The potentate, having celebrated his acquittal by shooting a son-in-law, rewarded his defender by presenting him with a recipe for blacking which had been in the family for centuries. The K.C. intends to open boot-blackening rooms in Bond Street, and will personally decorate customers' boots from four till six the first Thursday in every month. Boot-blackening parties are expected to be quite a feature during the Coronation festivities.

The name of a distinguished Bishop

will shortly glitter on the fascia of a tailor's shop. His lordship is the fortunate patentee of a seamless and detachable frock-coat which by a simple arrangement of buttons and elastic can be transformed into an evening-dress garment, thus enabling the wearer to walk in the Park till seven, and then change behind a tree for dinner. His Lordship will attend daily for the first fortnight to give practical and personal demonstration of the properties of his patent.

N.B.—Most of the trees have already been booked for Coronation week, and even now there is quite a run on the flowering shrubs.



THE ETERNAL "HONEYSUCKLE AND THE BEE."

Misguided Racecourse Musician. "B—zz! B—zz! ON A SUMMER AFTERNOON!"

A PLEBISCITE.

Barchester College.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—This is going to be a jolly exciting term, and no mistake. The day after we got back we were all called into Great School after second lesson, and the Head made a long speech. First, he read a lot out of Mr. RHODES's will, and it seemed pretty sensible. (I've quite decided upon my profession now. I'm going to be a Fellow of Oriel.) Mr. RHODES, we heard, liked to paint places red, and I do a little that way myself, especially at the end of term. Then the Head explained

that the Governors of the College mean to found a prize on Mr. RHODES's lines. They're going to give a fiver on speech day to "the most popular and amiable boy in the school," and every chap is to vote for the one he thinks ought to have the prize. Ripping idea, isn't it?

Of course everyone saw at once that there were only three or four in the running. GREGSON might have had a chance, only he hurt his thumb on Monday playing fives, and he won't be able to fight for a good while. TANCRED major is pretty useful with his fists, too, but I don't think he'll win. However, he's working hard for it, and I found him the other afternoon making

what he called "a preliminary canvass" in his own dormitory. He was persuading young JUBBINS to vote for him, because, though JUBBINS is only in Upper Middle Two, his influence with the rest of the Middle School is considerable. TANCRED had JUBBINS's head under his arm, and was shouting: "Am I amiable? Am I loving and kind to my juniors? Am I the most popular boy in the school? Say yes, you little beast, or I'll knock your ugly head off!" Of course TANCRED can get a few votes that way, but he won't be able to manage the upper forms. WARBURTON is another candidate. He asked me to be one of his committee, and I agreed. We hold secret meetings in his rooms, and there's unlimited cocoa and cake and mixed biscuits always going. Then another chap called HEDGES, who's frightfully clever, also asked me to be on his committee. He didn't know I was on WARBURTON's, and I couldn't tell him, being under a vow of secrecy. There's no cocoa or cake to be had out of HEDGES, but he's A1 at Latin verse, so he does all my elegiacs for me.

CHAMBERS, the head of cricket, is said to be standing, and if he happens to make a century or two this term he ought to have a chance. (HEDGES won't have a look in, though I don't tell him so. He does elegiacs for about a dozen fellows and "Jambi" for fifteen or sixteen more, but he'd have to help half the school with their work to win.) CHAMBERS hasn't asked me to be on his committee yet, but he enquired the other day in the pavilion whether I thought that he was popular. I replied that I hadn't made up my mind—it depended whether I was given my second eleven colours this term. So I hope to scoop them, as well as plenty of food and perhaps a prize for classics, out of this RHODES game.

The rum thing is—and it would have made poor old RHODES pretty sick if he'd known it—that the really best set in the school loathe the whole idea. Some of them have said that they'll kick any chap who votes for them, and they wouldn't touch a "popularity prize" with the end of a barge-pole.

Yours sincerely,
THOMAS JENKS.

FOOD FOR REFLECTION.

WHEN, holding CORDEN's creed outworn,
The Government with tenets lax
Comes down upon the nation's corn,
Free-traders wince at such attacks.

Outsiders—caring not a whit—
Impartiality maintain;
Yet such a tax, we all admit,
Goes certainly against the grain.

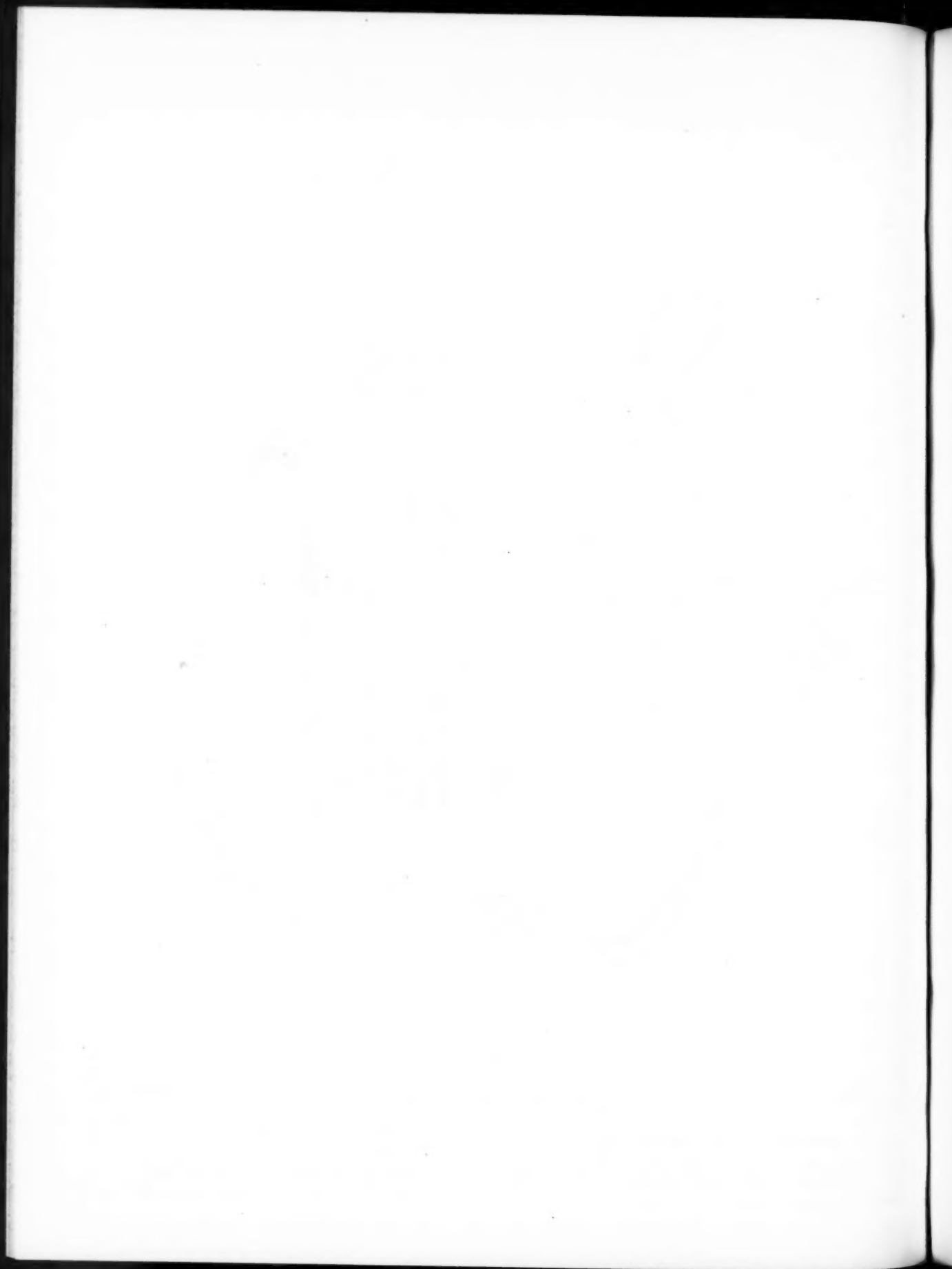


TRYING IT ON.

AUTOLYCUS H-CKS-B-CH. "THESE BRACELETS HAVE JUST COME IN AGAIN, MISS."

MISS FREE-TRADE. "DON'T THEY LOOK RATHER LIKE HANDCUFFS?"

AUTOLYCUS. "OH! NOT AT ALL, I ASSURE YOU; YOU WON'T KNOW YOU 'VE GOT 'EM ON."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 14.

—House crowded in every part; on floor, in side galleries, in Strangers' Gallery to topmost tier. It is Budget Night. Chancellor of the Exchequer's sum involves the biggest figures manipulated since history began. Moreover, with even intenser interest than the wonder what ST. MICHAEL will do with his millions, comes the old-time question, Is it peace? PRINCE ARTHUR, making careful reply, comes nearer answering "Yes" than on any previous occasion.

This gives ST. MICHAEL opportunity, deftly seized, of posing in that attitude of Spartan virtue which delights the looker-on, pleasing him with subtle consciousness of sharing possession of that virtue, somebody else being the victim of enforcement of its stern principle. If the war be nearly over, or if there be reasonable hope (this ST. MICHAEL admitted) that peace pourparlers at Pretoria will have happy issue, there will be immediate falling-off in war expenditure. C.-B., having this truism in mind, suggested Budget should be postponed till situation cleared up.

Here was ST. MICHAEL's opportunity; he seized it by the hair. Peace truly might be at hand. He went so far as to indicate belief that it was. But for a man of high principle, colleague in a Cabinet of heroic mould, trifling considerations of a few millions of (other people's) money not to be thought of. Accordingly, Budget for coming year based upon assumption that war will run its full course. If it doesn't, supposing the war flag furled next week or next month, the extra eighteen millions and a-half raised for additional war expenses won't be found inconveniently in the way.

"Lots to do with it," said ST. MICHAEL, waving his hand cheerily; "rebuild the farms we burnt down; re-stock 'em; set up in business again the brave burghers who have been fighting us for more than two years; settle up any outstanding accounts for Hungarian horses, cold pressed beef, and other little bills from gentlemen of German birth and an ancient faith who have been good enough to assist us on commercial lines. Why, bless you, your eighteen and a-half millions will go like winking, war or no war. In fact, I'm not sure that by-and-by I shan't come and ask you to authorise additional loan of ten or twelve millions on Treasury Bills or Exchequer Bonds. Meanwhile, all you've got to do is to stump up. Another penny in the £ on the Income Tax; a twopenny



THE (TAX-ON-) CORN-CRAKE.

(COL. H-W-ED V-NC-NT.)

stamp on the homely cheque; re-introduction of the good old principle of taxing corn. There you are."

At this last proposition a sound, with singular appropriateness suggesting the cry of a cornercrake, startled House. It was only HOWARD VINCENT observing "Hear! hear!" His jubilation reasonable enough. A more curious study was the hilarious spirit in which the House faced the music, running up to the tune of one hundred and eighty-five and a half millions sterling. SARK's keen insight explained the phenomena.

"On these occasions," he said, "a man never thinks of himself. You noticed how the Irish Members cheered the additional penny on the Income Tax and the doubling of the stamp on cheques. They will be able to contemplate with equanimity the fresh burden cast upon gentlemen opposite, and upon the already pauperised coal-owners above the Gangway on their side. As for the re-imposition of the corn tax, even if the worst fears be realized and a farthing per loaf be added to the price of daily bread, though possibly embarrassing to the poor man, it won't hurt us. We can always eat toast. Then there is the delightful expedient of again suspending the Sinking Fund and adding to the National Debt. Finally there is the heroic attitude alluded to, presenting to the world in general, in particular to the Boer leaders in conference at Pretoria, the spectacle of a great nation that regards additional war expenditure of eighteen millions and a-half golden sovereigns

much as if they were an equal number of brass farthings."

By-and-by other views will be taken, and other things said. This the impression conveyed by close observation of crowded House on Budget Night.

Business done.—Budget introduced.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—"I forgot GOSCHEN," said RANDOLPH CHURCHILL at the most critical turn in his life. "I forgot Lord ROSEBURY," said the MARKISS, with hasty glance at the lonely, just now empty, furrow below Gangway.

House in mourning for the lost Leader of the Opposition. The MARKISS, chanting his requiem, observed, among other claims to distinction, that KIMBERLEY belonged wholly to the House of Lords.

"I cannot remember the case of any other Leader in this House," he added, "who had never been in the House of Commons."

A peculiar distinction about Lord ROSEBURY is that not only was he never in the House of Commons but that this accident of his birth and state is frequently made by him the subject of special lament. The MARKISS, thinking of his own early days, when from his place in the Commons he chiefly delighted in pouring contumely and scorn on DIZZY, all unconscious of the fate fortune had in store for him when, home from Berlin, he should walk arm-in-arm with his esteemed Leader, bringing peace with honour—meditating on this interesting episode in a great career he "forgot Lord ROSEBURY," and was gently reminded of his existence by

Earl SPENCER, who has no opportunity of forgetting it.

*Sing low, my lute, sing low, my lute,
We die and are forgotten.*

That inevitable. But good friends might as well wait till we are dead before they quite forget.

The incident not without its moral. It is especially true in public life that no man can serve two masters. Must either devote himself and all his energies to public affairs, or, definitively abandoning the race for the front, may frankly and wholly give himself up to the cultivation of his lonely furrow.

Business done.—In the Commons Budget resolutions carried through Committee. Good deal of grumbling. Usual large majorities.

Mansion House, Wednesday.—In early days House of Commons did not feel bound always to meet at Westminster. Occasionally sojourned at Oxford and elsewhere. To-night temporarily recurs to old habits. Foregather at Mansion House on hospitable invitation of LORD MAYOR to meet the SPEAKER. No difficulty about making a quorum. Every seat taken when LORD MAYOR's Chaplain read prayers (before meat). House made at once. SPEAKER to the fore; in attendance, Sergeant-at-Arms, Deputy Sergeant, Chaplain, and eke the Doorkeepers, dining in John-sonian fashion behind the screen.

Principal variation from ordinary procedure was that LORD MAYOR, not the SPEAKER, was in the chair, conducted thither by Mace and Sword Bearer. Situation added flavour to the turtle soup, age to the champagne. At Westminster the SPEAKER is lord of all he surveys from the Chair. Awaiting his nod Members feverishly con undelivered speeches. To-night it is the SPEAKER who must wait till called upon. No one knows what would happen suppose he, from long habit, rose and on his own initiative delivered a few remarks. Suppose the powdered, gorgeously-uniformed bodyguard of the LORD MAYOR would fall upon him, carry him forth and wall him up in Guildhall. Conscious of this impending penalty, the SPEAKER, repressing inclination to cry "Order, order," when, the waiter being in the room, he desired to have his glass re-filled, sat silent, subdued, till in due course he caught the LORD MAYOR's eye. When he rose a hearty prolonged cheer from crowded, not to say crammed, benches testified to personal popularity won in the fierce light that beats on the Speaker's Chair.

Mansion House difficult place to speak in for those accustomed to the perfect acoustical properties of House of Commons. Curious consequence followed. LORD MAYOR, proposing health of His Majesty's Ministers, coupled with the

name of COLONIAL SECRETARY, incidentally alluded to Jove. The word, winging its way under the too-lofty roof round the too-many pillars, lost half its letters, falling on the startled ear as "Jo." That friendly colloquialism well enough in smoking-room conversation; a little startling from lips of LORD MAYOR surrounded by the panoply of his state. Members disposed to shake their heads over supposed indiscretion.

"It's all right," said the MEMBER FOR SARK. "In this case Jove and Joe practically the same thing."

Business done.—Turtle, whitebait, baron of beef, the Widow Clicquot



WHAT MR. PICKWICK IS COMING TO.

"Will the right hon. gentleman, the Colonial Secretary, kindly oblige me by replying personally and in a loud and distinct voice to Question No. 34, and with the left elbow leaning lightly on the box. The head a little more to the right, please. Thank you."

impartially lavishing her charms upon honourable Members, married or single.

House of Commons, Thursday.—Earl PERCY sorry he spoke. Wanted to know what's to be done about Colonel LYNCH, whom at a by-election last year an intelligent and patriotic electorate preferred to HORACE PLUNKETT. Seems the gallant, but fugitive, Colonel is embarrassed by possession of houses and land in the neighbourhood of Galway. The Irish tenant, with native politeness, instinctively sets himself to relieve him.

"Sure, the Colonel," they say, "a rare Landleaguer, a friend of WILLIAM O'BRIEN, a colleague of JOHN DILLON's, wouldn't be so mane as to take a penny

of rint. He'd blush if we bothered him by offering it."

So they didn't; the Colonel not that sort of a man. All very well for PATRICK O'BRIEN, Mr. FLYNN and Mr. FLAVIN to denounce landlords who expect their rent to be paid. Themselves haven't any to draw. Colonel LYNCH has a little, and since his tenants, on the delicate but mistaken consideration hinted at, don't pay up, he sues them, just as if he were Lord LONDONDERRY, Lord ARDILAUN, or others of "the Orange gang" loudly denounced to-night by JOHN DILLON.

Earl PERCY wants to know whether Colonel LYNCH, lurking abroad under charge of high treason, will be prevented from using His Majesty's Courts for recovery of rents. Before ATTORNEY-GENERAL could reply up gat Irish Member and asked ATTORNEY-GENERAL whether he was aware that three of Lord PERCY's ancestors were hanged for high treason?

For point and appositeness that beats Bannagher.

Business done.—None. Irish Members, shouldering aside Budget appointed for discussion, appropriated sitting to abuse of Irish Executive and Colonel LYNCH's co-landlords.

THE CAREFUL CALEDONIAN'S LAMENT.

[The Budget imposes an extra penny upon cheques.]

Ye banks and brains o' monied men,
How can my funds the Budget bear?
How can I sign my little cheques
Wi'out a bosom fu' o' care?
Ye'll break me yet, ye little cheques,
That aince I drew wi' sma' concern.
Twa pence! I couldna gie awa'
Sae fell a sum wi'out return.

Aft hae I paid some awfu' bill
Wi' paper I was blithe to sign;
Twa bawbees wasna muckle waste,
And cheques, ye ken, look braw an' fine.
Wi' lightsome heart I signed my name,
I signed it wi' a flourish free;
But noo nae mair I'll bank my cash,
A stockin's guid enough for me.

Who Names these Ships?

Two of the latest creations of the White Star Line have received the singularly ill-constructed names of *Athenic* and *Corinthic* (both sic). The following titles, formed on the same principle, have been suggested for fresh additions to the famie galaxy of the Milkic Way:—*Britic, Romic, Moroccic, Portuquic, Jerichic, Etonic, Rugbeic, Punchic*, and *Sea-sic*.



Boy (to young lady, who has been unfortunate enough to upset Colonel Brunker). "You'd better ride on before 'e gets 'is breath, Miss!"
 Boy. "I've 'eard 'im play golf!"
 Young Lady. "Why?"

THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

["There is nothing in the world so desirable as a poetic life—if uninterrupted, without anxieties for the daily bread, sustained by noble thought and encouraged by great success."—Sir Walter Besant's "Autobiography."]]

O give me not the soldier's lot
With marches hot and dusty,
Nor let me, like a lawyer, rot
Mid parchments old and musty;
Nor bid me seek the City, where,
From morn till evening, anxious care
Still haggles over stock and share
In chambers foul and fusty.

But let me keep my study snug,
On downy couch reclining,
While *Ponto* slumbers on the rug,
And sweetly dreams of dining.
There let me bask before the fire
And watch the cloudlets leave my briar,
Like fragrant incense floating higher,
In circles intertwining.

And close within my easy reach
May poets, wits and sages
Be gathered on my shelves to teach
The wisdom of the ages;
Bid SHAKESPEARE sing, now grave, now
gay,

Or LOVELACE pipe his matchless lay,
Or let me while an hour away
O'er MILTON's classic pages.

And, seeing that true poets shrink
From all that's mean and sordid,
And shudder when compelled to think
Of being lodged and boarded,
A modest competence be mine—
A well-filled pipe, a butt of wine—
Some hundreds yearly, eight or nine,
In Consols safely hoarded.

And, since neglect is like a frost
That nips each young endeavour,
I'd have the world, in wonder lost,
Pronounce my volumes clever.
These modest gifts vouchsafe to me,
Ye Sacred Nine, and I will be
Your very humble devotee
Forever and forever.

"STEPHANISMOLOGY."

THE above novel and pretty term (according to the *Globe* of April 16) has been coined to express the science of Coronation-lore and all thereto pertaining. Those who wish to obtain the necessary diploma will be required to pass the following paper, or else stop at home.

1. State the cubic capacity of an average London flat and the maximum number of "shake-downs" each room will contain, mentioning the remotest degree of country-cousinship which can be held to constitute a claim on the flat-owner's hospitality for June 26 and 27.

2. Compare the various metropolitan



THE DOG KNEW HIM.

Farmer. "WHERE'S YOUR DOG, DONALD?"

Donald. "SOLD HIM IN THE MARKET TO-DAY."

Farmer (indignantly). "YOU HAD NO RIGHT TO SELL HIM; SUCH A GOOD, USEFUL DOG! SEE TO GETTING HIM BACK AT ONCE!"

Donald. "HOOT, MON, DINNA FASH YERSEL'. TA PEASTIE KNOWS ME VERRA WEE!; I HAVE SOLD HIM MONY TIMES BEFORE!"

parks as sleeping-grounds, drawing as far as possible on your personal experience. What is the proper way to camp out on a bench?

3. Calculate, to the nearest sixpence, the price of the standard penny bun during the Coronation week; and estimate your chances of getting at any rate one square meal at the King's expense.

4. Assuming that all the seats to view the processions will be taken by Americans, which particular kerbstone would you recommend on this occasion? Have you reason to suppose there will be a "slump" in railings or a Trust in lamp-posts?

5. Quote statistics to show (i) how many scribes at the British Museum are compiling descriptions of the ceremony nine weeks beforehand; (ii) how many babies are going to be called "Coronatia" and similar names; and (iii) how many householders will display the Union

Jack and the Royal Standard respectively wrong side up and inside out.

6. Give an abstract and forecast of the Poet Laureate's Ode (no parodies permitted, but prose allowed). Show exactly where allusions to King ALFRED, the throstle, the saxifrage and Siena will occur.

7. Enumerate the various Indian Princes and potentates who propose to attend, and spell their names correctly if you can; explain, as plausibly as possible, the King of Tonga's absence, and draw a picture of the Earl-Marshall struggling with the List of Precedence.

8. Write a short essay from either the burglars' or the pickpockets' point of view on the advantages of a Coronation, and summarise the feelings of the City and Metropolitan police throughout the period in question.

9. Decide which is to be the national flower, as nobody else seems to be able to do so.

"THE 'GERMAN HOOD' ENTERTAINMENT."

CAPTAIN BASIL HOOD having chosen the Elizabethan period for the story of his opera at the Savoy Theatre—a story which only by extreme courtesy could be possibly dignified by being described as a "plot"—has apparently done his utmost to bring his dialogue "back to date" and to flavour it as strongly as possible with sixteenth-century "English as she was spoke" in the time of ELIZABETH.

Aye, marry, and hath not Master BASIL HOOD, "captain" by your leave, my masters, deftly done his self-appointed task? Hath he not caught the very trick of WILL SHAKSPEARE's quips, cranks, and quiddities? Doth he not speak of a doctor as "a leech," and of a larkly young woman as a "wild wench"? Doth he not show us the "humours" of *Pistol*, and the stolid drollery of the clownish grave-digger? Go to! Hath he not glibly his "marry," his "nay," his "thees and thous," his "ayes," all right, and a brave song concerning the Yeomen of England? By my halidom, and marry come up, this same captain's book is full of quaint Elizabethan conceits, and among the quaintest is a kind of twentieth-century topical song sung by *Master Wilkins*, a player who turns his back on Her Gracious Majesty, which is "an insult to her very face," as our Waggish-William-Shakspearian librettist would express it.

Evidently Captain HOOD, who may be credited with having studied the subject for the purposes of this libretto, does not hold the humour of these Elizabethan players, nor the wit either of Sir WALTER RALEIGH or of the Earl of ESSEX, in very high esteem. But let me turn from this fascinating subject to the musical opportunities in the opera, of which, it must be acknowledged, there be many, various and as neatly introduced as, according to old operatic tradition, was the song of "*My Cottage near a Wood*" by the tenor who led up to it by exclaiming, "See! a table! and made of wood!! Ah! that (*pathetically*) reminds me of my 'cottage near a wood,'" when he forthwith unburdened himself of his ballad. Yet have not these "opportunities" inspired the composer to any extraordinary effort, as his work remains, from first to last, at a light and pleasing level. It is, however, especially good when he is called upon to enliven the proceedings with the tripping measure of a rustic dance. Indeed, the dances are all sprightly and gain encores, though the significance of an encore is considerably discounted by the present practice at the Savoy, which



SHAKSPEARE'S BIRTHDAY, APRIL 23.

"SOUL OF THE AGE,
THE APPLAUSE, DELIGHT, THE WONDER OF OUR STAGE."

"THOU ART ALIVE STILL, WHILE THY BOOK DOTHS LIVE,
AND WE HAVE WITS TO READ AND PRAISE TO GIVE!"

encourages the taking of an encore on the very slightest provocation.

The "number" that struck me as the most taking is the quartette, *without a dance* (!) in the second act, which ought to become a great favourite with such sweet singers as are called in to assist aldermanic digestions at a big City dinner. *A propos* of aldermen, the principal comic character, taken by Mr. PASSMORE, is entitled *Walter Wilkins*, "which," as *Sairey Gamp* might say, "a-droppin' of the 's,' I drinks to Sir Walter Wilkin, ex-Lord Mayor, in all love and tenderness." Mr. PASSMORE, hard-working and correct-singing comedian, does his very best throughout.

"'Tis not in PASSMORE to command success,
But he'll do more, Trombonius, he'll deserve it!"

And deserve it he most certainly does; for, though the presence of *Walter Wilkins* is not absolutely essential, yet without him where would the drollery be? Where would the droll humorous Shakspearian and Elizabethan clowning spirit come in? And, indeed, without him the opera would scarcely occupy the regulation two hours.

Everybody in it is as good as everybody else, and what more perfect commendation can be bestowed on the *tout ensemble*? To Mr. LYTTON as *Essex*, Mr. EVETT as the imperturbable and unimpassioned lover, *Raleigh*, Mr. KINGHORN as "another player," and to the giants,



A WEIGHTY REASON.

Rab. "THEY'RE TELLIN' ME THAT TAM STIRDY'S TURNED OUT A GREAT POET SINCE HE GAED TAE LONDON."

Allan. "POET! HOO COULD TAM STIRDY BE A POET? MAN, HE WAS AT THE SCHULE W' ME!"

Messrs. TORRENCE and CROMPTON, who are as *Gog* and *Magog* among the foresters, all praise is due. There is a party of Shakespearian clowns, a butcher, a baker, a tinker, a tailor, played by Messrs. PINDER, BODDY, LEWIS and ROUS, who are own brothers to *Quince* the bellows mender and the rest of the *dramatis personæ* in the amateur theatrical company of which *Bottom* was the "leading man."

All the ladies of the Savoy are pretty, just as "no one," according to *Mr. Cyrus Bantam*, was "fat or old in Ba-ath," and all sweet singers; Miss AGNES FRASER, fascinating as *Bessie* (oh, the humorous originality of calling her *Bessie*, so as to create some cause of jealousy 'twixt *Queen Bess* and her!); Miss POUNDS, charming as "*Jill-All-Along*" (so Elizabethan too!); and Miss KEDDIE, an ideal "May Queen." Who better than Miss ROSINA BRANDRAM could represent the Maiden Monarch? She is the Last of the Savoyards, and, had she only been limited to posing at the back of the stage on the barge, with the full glare of the glorious lime-light on her gorgeous costume and brilliant wig, she would ever have remained in my memory as does the figure of Mrs. SELBY (playing the same character, assuming the same pose, and arriving in the same manner, only she came by penny steamboat) in the once famous burlesque of *Kenilworth*, in the "good old Elizabethan" days of the little Strand Theatre.

The principal dancer, Miss WINIFRED HART DYKE, is one of the most graceful, most spirited and inspiring of danseuses I have seen for a long time, and richly did she deserve the thoroughly hearty encore.

Altogether, a pleasant, sparkling entertainment, beautifully put on the stage, both as to the costumes and Mr. HARFORD's scenery, especially the second act "set" of

Windsor Forest. It is a "show" which, in this time of rather risky plays or too frisky adaptations, may be honestly recommended to the "nobility, gentry and clergy" of *Merrie England*, married and single, and to their wives, families, and guileless children, as a piece no less singularly void of offence in dialogue than innocent of plot; though which, such as it is, sufficiently serves the purpose of the gallant Captain under the command of Savoy Commander-in-Chief, WILLIAM GREET.

"PRIVATE BOX."

"AND OH! THE OLD ENGLISH ROAST BEEF!"

[There is a widespread suspicion that the American monopolists are about to seize the control of the beef supply of this country.—*Daily Chronicle*.]

OVERBORNE by the weight of Columbia's packers, Old England long since disappointed her backers, And lowered her colours, in sign of defeat, At the contest of ARMOUR—the Cannae of meat. But no longer content with the feats of their canners, The Yankees advance their victorious banners, Till at last they are able to utter the boast That they mean to be ruling Britannia's roast.

AN ARTISTIC POLICEMAN TAKING UP A SUBJECT.—Policeman A. T. JONES, of Leeds, "from information received" (by the *Daily Telegraph* last Friday), has been informed that "his painting, entitled 'Summer,' representing a moorland scene with sheep," has been retained by the Royal Academy authorities. Here's a lucky combination! A Constable and a Moreland!



"THE DEVOUT LOVERS."

"... WORSHIP HER IN DISTANT REVERENCE."